



LITERARY

Stevenson Memorial
(Prize Cut)

M. D. Jones

THE STRANGER

Warren McCutcheon, '27

FIRST PRIZE



ON May first a stranger stopped at the Lazy F. ranch and asked for a job. The foreman, Lee Johnson, refused to take him, because he did not think he was the kind of man he wanted. Lee was particular about the men he hired. They had to be good ones.

The stranger was turning to mount his horse, when Evert Ede suggested, with a twinkle in his eye, "Lee, won't you give him a job if he rides Blanco Diablo?"

"Sure will," was Lee's answer, "and ten dollars a month more than you're getting."

Diablo was the outlaw of the Lazy F. None of the men had ever succeeded in riding him. Just before the stranger had arrived, Diablo had thrown Bud Wilson, the "champion rider of California." Bud was a good rider, but he was far from liked on the Lazy F.

"Try him a round, stranger. He can't do any more than kill you," encouraged Bud. "You can use my saddle, because its already on him." Bud wanted to give the men some laughing stock besides himself.

The stranger did not hesitate. "I'll try him," he said.

He rode Diablo to the finish. The horse put up a hard fight, but he could not throw his rider; moreover, he rode Diablo according to contest rules.

When Diablo stopped fighting, the stranger reined him up in front of the men, grinning.

"Riding fool!" exclaimed Spud Lane.

The only remark from Bud was a growl, which could not be understood.

As the stranger jumped from the back of Blanco Diablo, he asked, "Will you take me now?"

"Sure will," was Lee's answer. "I'll cut out your string in the morning. The boys will show you your bunk."

This was the way that Dell Salem came to join the Lazy F. In a few days he was recognized by all but Bud Wilson as the top hand.

Dell never talked of his past, and the men never asked about it. It was plain that he had not ridden for a long time. The day after he rode Diablo he was so stiff that he could hardly climb on his horse. It was a good many days before he got entirely over his stiffness.

Bud Wilson offered his opinion to the others. "There ain't nothin' that can bleach and soften a feller like bein' in jail."

"Huh!" snorted Spud. "He might have been sick in a hospital or something."

"Well," answered Bud, "there ain't no disgrace about bein' sick, and besides he would have said something about it if that was the case. He's as healthy as a mule."

Ivan Smith spoke up. "There ain't no disgrace about bein' in jail unless you did something pretty sneakin'."

"He might have been in a shooting scrape," offered Bud again.

"Shore hope he did!" put in John Hall. "If he's handy with a gun he's just the feller we're goin' to need around here before long. That J. O. I. bunch is gettin' too familiar with this calf stealing business."

"Familiar!" grunted Evert Ede, "Well, I reckon they are!"

"Who's getting so familiar as all that?" asked Dell, coming around the corner of the bunk house and taking a seat alongside the rest of the boys.

"We was talking about Openshaw, the feller that owns the J. O. I. over west of here," said Evert, turning to Dell. "He's been stealing the Lazy F. calves right and left."

"Isn't Lee doing anything about it?" asked Dell.

"Lee can't do anything about it. You see this outfit belongs to Williams, the lawyer, in San Francisco. He's got his head chucked so full of law that he won't let Lee go ahead and handle the thing the right way. He thinks we should wait and catch one of the J. O. I. bunch branding a calf with a Lazy F. cow standing looking on."

"Looks like if we kept our eyes open we could catch them branding a calf," observed Dell.

"That's the funny part of it! It looks like they know where we're ridin' every day, because they always work on the other side of the range. I can't savvy it," said Evert.

With the coming of the warm June weather the boys moved their beds out of the bunk house and spread them on the ground. All did this but Bud, who still slept in his small room. He always left the game of cards early in order to go to bed. The boys all thought it nothing unusual for Bud to act this way.

Dell seemed to enjoy the sleeping out of doors better than most people. He soon began to leave the game of cards when Bud did. None of the men knew that he spent some time walking in the dark.

The J. O. I. crowd became bolder with their calf stealing. It was Lee's habit to talk the matters of the range over every night with the boys; it was then that they would also decide where they were going to ride the next day.

On the morning of the twentieth of June he changed his mind for the first time. All of the men were at the corral but Dell, ready to rope out their horses, when the foreman came from his house. As he passed the bunk house, Dell stepped out and talked with him for a few moments, then walked with him to the corral.

Spud was about to throw his rope on a small bay, when Lee called to him, "Wait a minute, Spud." As he came closer, he began, "I said we would ride in Senica today, but I decided we had better ride in Dixie Canyon instead. We haven't rode that part of the range for a long time. Rope your stoutest horses, 'cause we'll have a hard ride."

Soon they were in the saddles jogging west. At about ten they

came to the foot of Dixie Canyon, where they separated and soon disappeared from sight.

There was something in the foreman's last words that put caution into their veins: "Ride slow and careful, 'cause we're apt to see something today."

Suddenly a shot was heard in the north. At another time nothing would have been thought of this, but today their work did not call for a shot unless it was absolutely necessary. The riders turned to the ridges that they might be able to see more. Ivan Smith soon saw Bud sitting on his horse on a little ridge, motioning to him with his hat. Ivan rode over to him.

On his right Bud had heard a calf bawl, as though it were being branded. He had ridden up the hill so that he could be better able to locate the spot where the sound had come from, and perhaps see something of Spud, who was to be riding in that direction.

Then, from about the same place from which the shot had come, two men had run across the opening. One of them was Dell Salem, and the other a stranger. At the edge of the clearing they separated. Dell turned north, and the stranger rode toward the J. O. I. All this was told to Ivan by a hurried conversation.

"What had we better do?" asked Bud at last.

Ivan and Bud fired their guns and yelled. Soon all the men were there except Spud.

"Where the deuce is Spud?" exclaimed Evert.

"Damned funny," remarked John Hall, "that he didn't show up with all the shooting and yelling going on."

"That's him yelling now!" exclaimed Ivan, sending an answer echoing through the hills.

"That's a hound," corrected Hall.

"Who'd be running hounds here?"

"Old Wing," answered Lee. "I sent him to clean out some of the bear. They've been getting away with too many calves lately."

"Funny about Spud not showing up," mused Evert.

"Ain't that his horse?" asked Ivan, pointing to a white object among a small group of cedars on a ridge to the north.

"Might be," answered the foreman. "Let's ride over there and see."

It was Spud's horse all right. Spud's chaps and spurs were nearby, but there was no sign of Spud. Again they fired their guns and yelled. While they were waiting for an answer, Bud told the story that he had told Ivan.

Dell Salem interrupted the story. "You sure didn't see me, Bud. I was riding up the second draw north of here, when I heard you and Ivan signal."

"I sure did see you!" exclaimed Bud. "I saw you just as plain as I see you now."

"All right; have it your way," laughed Dell.

Bud, followed by the others, rode down to the opening. Behind a rock was a small branding fire, which had been used to brand the calf that Bud had heard bawl.

Ivan looked around. Suddenly he exclaimed, "There's a hat!"

The men rode over to it. It was a hat, and behind a scrub oak lay Spud. A bullet hole between his shoulder blades told how he had met his death.

As they dismounted, Bud picked something up and showed it to the other men, then called to Dell, "This your knife, Dell?"

Dell took the knife and said, "Thanks, Bud. Where did you find it?"

"Right here," answered Bud. "I thought you said I didn't see you here?"

Lee thought a minute, then said, "I reckon there's only one thing to be done, boys. One of you go get the sheriff, while the rest of us pack poor Spud back to the Lazy F." He put his hand on Dell's shoulder as he continued, "Shore sorry, Dell. We know you didn't do it, but there's so much agin you that I just have to send for the sheriff. I'll get bond for you." He looked a moment at the corpse, but turned quickly to the boys, as he heard a horse loping away, to ask, "Who's that going after the sheriff?"

Ivan swore, then answered, "Bud Wilson."

Bud made good time. The men had been at the ranch a little less than an hour when they saw three riders top the hill and turn down the road toward the Lazy F house. It was Bud and Sheriff Braden, accompanied by Mr. Williams, the owner of the ranch. Soon they were joined by another man, who had a pack of hounds following him.

Johnson and Dell were sitting on the porch steps gazing out over the range. Suddenly Johnson turned to Dell and asked, "Dell, why did you ask me to ride west this morning?"

Dell answered, "Because Bud signaled to the J. O. I. that we were going east today."

"Signaled! How could he signal to them?"

Dell answered, "His window faces west, toward the J. O. I. Every night at half past eight he would start making up his bed, which is under the window. Don't you see? A man would watch from the hills above the J. O. I. They had the signals arranged.

"I'll be damned," swore the foreman. "The dirty skunk! And him always making out like he wanted to blow the J. O. I. bunch up."

They were interrupted by Bud and the other three men. Wing was calling, "Howdy," to the Lazy F men.

Bud had a grin on his face as he pointed Dell out to the sheriff. None of the men had ever seen him look so happy, but still he wasn't the only happy one, for the bear chaser was chuckling quietly to himself.

The sheriff started to walk toward Dell, but was stopped by Wing who called to him, "Just a minute, sheriff. I got a funny story to tell you."

The sheriff glanced at him, but obeyed. The hunter was known to be a level-headed man. Wing drew the sheriff away and told his funny story. At the end of it the listener slapped his knee, roared out a hearty laugh, and, chuckling, both men returned to the group.

Bud was chuckling, too, as he looked at Dell, but suddenly his chuckle stopped, and his face turned white. The sheriff had jerked Bud's revolver out of its holster and snapped handcuffs on his wrists.

The hunter yelled with delight, "Ain't that the best yet! A man go after the sheriff to arrest himself!" Presently he quit laughing and explained, "I was chasing a bear in Dixie Canyon this morning. My hounds crossed a ridge that was too rough to follow on horse back, and by the time I got around, the hounds were out of hearing. I climbed up on a high peak and took my telescope to see if I could see anything of my pack. While I was looking for them, I noticed a branding fire. It was Openshaw of the J. O. I., branding a Lazy F calf.

"While I was watching him, I saw Spud Lane and Bud Wilson sneaking up on foot, behind some brush. They looked at Openshaw a moment or two, and then Spud pulled his gun out of its holster, looked at it, and put it back. Bud pulled his out, and I thought he would do like Spud, but instead he shot Spud in the back. Bud yelled something at Openshaw, and he run hell-bent-for-election for his horse and rode toward the J. O. I. Bud dropped something, and then run for his horse. About that time I heard my hounds again, so I left. I came back here as soon as I got that bear to tell my story."

The men crowded around Dell, slapping him on the back and shaking his hands.

When they withdrew, Mr. Williams said, "Mr. Salem, I certainly wasn't expecting to see you here."

Dell laughed, "I thought I'd drop out here and look the outfit over."

"What do you think of it?" asked Williams. "Think you'll buy it?"

"Sure will," answered Dell. "At your figure it's a bargain. Come in and I'll give you a check."

All the men looked surprised, and Dell grinned. "I'll tell you how it is, boys. I was raised on a big ranch in Nevada, but I always wanted to live in town and wear fine clothes. When my father died a little over a year ago, I sold the outfit and went to San Francisco. I stuck it out there about a year. It was sure hell. The people rushed by you all day without saying, "Howdy," and no room to turn around without bumping your elbows. I finally got a deal on with Mr. Williams, so I thought I'd slip out and look things over, and talk with you boys. A fellow has to be careful if he puts all his money in one basket. Come on, Mr. Williams, and I'll give you the check."

THE CLOUD-BURST

Vivian Willis, '26

PRIZE POEM

Clouds,
 Black clouds,
 Mountains of threatening clouds.

Rain,
 Cruel rain,
 Eddies of swirling rain—
Flooding the streets of the cities,
 Sweeping the countryside,
Bringing the wind and the lightning,
 Frightening and drowning and drenching
Those of the vast, barren wastes.
 The storm rages wildly, incessantly;
Then worn out, subsides,
 Leaving, as always, behind it
Sorrow and heart-breaking pain.

A lone house stands on the seething brink
 Of the mad river, made angry
By rain and wind.
 Lost souls
Run pitifully through wet streets
 Piled high with debris.
Homes are shattered like china toys
 By the furor and passion of the storm.
Then silence,
 Dread silence,
 An eternity of awful silence.

Life,
 Gray life,
 Terrible, remembering life.

Strange Case of David Brockwell

Frances Scott, '26

HONORABLE MENTION



AS a sea of restless bracken swallowed up the jerking stage-coach with its sleepy driver, a disturbing feeling of unreality fell upon me like a cloak, and, while I stood at the crossroads before it, my interest in my gloomy, old boyhood home, crouching there on the moor like a lone and hunted monster, turned to antipathy. "Lonesome out here now," I thought aloud, and my voice, cracking like a shot through the hungry silence, made me start. I wished fervently that I had not left the old coach, now rumbling away to friends and noises. I am not a nervous man; so far from that as to be known as one of the most placid old bachelor lawyers in London. Yet I dreaded entering that house as I shall hate to enter the portals of Death itself.

A man can't flinch from an enemy where he is not at all sure that one exists. So I marched up the grass-rimmed walk in the fading twilight and grated the key in the rusted lock. As the movement of the creaking hinges left me staring into the dark, old hall, a slow chill swung up my spine and deluged my scalp. Fifteen years before, I had left the old place with no thought of ever returning, but, of late, I had been seized by a strange, yet insatiable, desire to sit in my old room and to prowl through the musty library as I had done when a boy.

Now, something stood in the hallway to meet me. I could see nothing but high ceilings and looming tapestries; yet it was there, crouching behind me and leering at me with some diabolic grimace. It seemed to fill the room, now on this side, now on that, as I turned nervously about. The dusty staircase was dim and steep, but I leaped up it with an agility that might well have astonished the stolid friends of my London life. The thing came too, drawing nearer as we climbed until, frightened, I ran the last few steps and locked myself securely within my own room.

Whatever had pursued me was now outside in the hall, and I began to feel like myself again and was almost ready to laugh at my uneasiness. Striding to the barred window, I raised the pane, then stood for a moment, sniffing the cool mist. But I became more and more uncomfortable as I stayed, and finally turned toward the door for an explanation of my fear. I received one, for the heavy door, unchanged in outward appearance from that of a moment before, had suddenly taken life and was towering and looming over the room. Certain that my senses were giving way, I determined to conquer myself and, turning my back on the threatening portal, I strode to the shelf of books and clutched one at random, opening it as I did so. "The spirits of the deceased often haunt the place of their death or burial for hundreds of years after life," I read. My flesh froze and

my whole being prickled with horror. I felt like a soldier beaten in a bloody battle, and, giving myself up to my fright, I turned again to the door.

This time I shrieked aloud, for the door stood well ajar, and, as I watched, a small, yellow hand crept around the heavy panel to re-close it. I leaped forward and swung it open wide, but there I was forced to stop, for it was as though all the elements beat upon me and I struggled as against a great barrier. By the time I had fought through it, the thing, a dimly discerned form, was well down the hall and I had to run my fastest to keep in sight of it. Up and down staircases and through several hallways I followed, until it finally disappeared through an opening at the end of one of them. I rushed through it and felt the air beneath my feet. I do not know how far I fell through the dark, but the impact of landing must have been forceful, for it sent me into instant and deep unconsciousness.

I awoke in an old cistern or well, bruised and sore, but with my oppression of the night before almost obliterated. A sickly greenish glow covered the straggling moss, making it seem more slimy and repulsive than it really was. On the floor near me lay a pale mound, but for several hours after my awakening the light was too dim to distinguish of what it was made. As daylight crept into the tomb, I found that the mound was nothing other than a pile of moldy, gray bones in the posture of a sitting human being. Moving over to the farthest side of the cistern from this weird cell-mate, for it seemed inevitable to me then that the pit was a grave for me as well, I stumbled upon a piece of heavy metal, half imbedded in the thick moss. It was square, and seemed to be a large, tarnished buckle from a shoe or hatband.

All day between desperate attempts to scale the slippery, moss-covered walls I played with the buckle, passing it absently through my fingers while I tried to keep from staring through the dimness at that heap which was my companion. Toward evening my thirst and the frequent pangs of hunger began to flaunt my desperate position in my face with such insistence that I paced the cistern, muttering and scratching at the walls like a caged beast. I swung about in search of an assailant and then stood as still as death, for the mound was moving. A blue haze enveloped it as the bones were slowly and silently knitting themselves into the form of an erect man, the hollow sockets of whose eyes emitted a thick white mist that fast spread around him. As the process completed itself, a slow, monotonous chant began from somewhere. "David Brockwell, you bear my name and you have come to share the tragedy that fell to me long ago in the hands of the fiend of Brockwell. But death has given powers that life lacked centuries ago. Come; I will help you." Then the frenzy of rage came upon me again, and, like a madman, I leaped at the form and fell with it to the ground. Something from above struck me and I went into a faint. Why I should have assaulted the thing I do not know, but, as my brain was fevered with horrors, it seemed I could stand no more.

After feeling that I had slept but a moment, I found myself

standing hatless on the waving moor, my hair blowing in the brisk morning wind. The house was fully a mile and a half distant. I took the tarnished buckle from my pocket and, as I traveled toward the nearest village, painstakingly made out the inscription. "D. B." it read. True, they were my own initials, but I at once recalled an uncle, several generations prior in our family, for whom I had been named. That other David Brockwell had disappeared from the house one night when he was in his late teens, and the family, never hearing from him again, had believed that he had run away to sea to join one of the expeditions to the New World.

When I told the sheriff my adventure, he looked at me strangely and suggested that a good breakfast might make me feel more fit. After I had eaten and displayed the buckle, we took a cab for the house. This time the front hall was really empty, and I mounted the stairway without a tremor of fear. But the door to my room was locked from the inside. We broke in and found everything just as I had left it, with the book on spiritualism, which had so unnerved me that night, lying open on the floor.

Winding our way through the dusky halls and stairways, we came to the place where the thing had disappeared, only to find that no door existed. The wall was as thick and firm as any in the old castle. To my great chagrin, the sheriff began suddenly to humor me and seemed to be doing his best not to excite me further. But I paid no attention to him, for I was horrified. During that dreadful night, I had passed through a locked door and a stone wall fully a foot in thickness! We searched the whole house for a hallway for which I might have mistaken this one, but none contained a door. Nowhere inside the place or neighborhood could we find the cistern.

An architect was rushed from London, but his search was no more fruitful than ours had been. He admitted that there might have been a door there centuries ago, but said that the conditions of the materials proved them to have been in place for a long time. A detective was called and was completely baffled, declaring that he did not believe I had been inside the house that night. He remained stubbornly silent when brought to face the book on the floor, the buckle, my traveling bag on the bed, and the fact that I was missing from civilization for two nights and a day. The sheriff said I had experienced nothing worse than a bad nightmare and had probably picked up the buckle in sleep-walking. If this is true, how did I escape from the locked room? The window is all of one hundred feet from the ground below, and a small child could scarcely squeeze through its narrow width, for it was built centuries ago for protection rather than for any idea of convenience or beauty. Yet I fell somewhere, as anyone who saw my purpled flesh will agree. Some believe me insane, and more than one private petition has been written to advise confining me as a likely homicidal maniac. I am in my right mind, but my profession is ruined. No one wants my services at law, and even my office staff has deserted me. I wander the busy streets or frequent my old clubs, where my friends speak to me pityingly, then quietly ignore me. I am desperate and shall end my life

if some solution to the mystery does not soon place me as a member of the world to which I rightfully belong, though, even then, I shall be penniless, for the whole of my estate is being spent for detectives, who ponder and work and unearth nothing.

THE SEASONS

Laura Field, '28

HONORABLE MENTION

In springtime, in the stringtime,
I love to roam the hills
And pick the yellow buttercups
That grow by rippling rills.
I love to hear the song of birds
That skim the azure blue,
And watch the flash of bright wings,
And hear the wild doves coo.

In summer, oh, in summer,
The shade beneath the trees,
The drowsy tune of insects,
The busy hum of bees,
The cattle standing sleepily,
Knee deep in lazy stream,
The sunshine, oh, the sunshine,
Is like a golden dream.

In autumn, in the autumn,
The asters by the brook
Are nodding and are bowing
In their sunny, sheltered nook.
The trees, in wondrous colors
Of red and yellow dressed,
Speak to me of happiness
And all things I love best.

In winter, oh, in winter,
The sunlight's flashing gleam
On hill and dale in wonder clad
And still and frozen stream,
The branches standing stiff and gray,—
I love them all. I could not say
Which I would rather have to stay.



SCHOOL YEAR

The Soccer

September



- 8—School opens as per schedule.
- 10—Hey, let's be locker partners this year!
- 11—Ten new teachers. They look bewildered. Soon recover.
- 13—Detention causes grief.
- 19—Hand ball courts completed.
- 23—Freshmen elect officers. Election riot as usual.
- 28—Foot ball team works hard for first game.
- 29—Tony Donadio stars in second team game with Galt.

October

- 3—Flames win first game. Lodi 31, Oakdale 0.
- 9—World series broadcasted at high school. Ray for Pittsburgh!
- 10—Chico hit by Tokays—26 to 12.
- 12—Joe Pitto appears on campus with red and blue tie.
- 15—Howard Hesseltine appears in knickers. Circus day parade.
- 16—English test given. We mourn.
- 24—Flames singe Melons of Turlock. Score 7-0.
- 24—Lodi stock judging team best in California. Off for Portland.
- 26—Pitto appears again, minus the tie.
- 27—Girls' League formed. Honesty, co-operation, efficiency.
- 28—Book Week observed by library. Ags. win second at Portland.
- 31—Lodi 12, Woodland 6. Hip—hip—hip!



November



- 6—Dr. Stolz, head of state physical education, speaks.
- 7—Modesto Panthers frighten Lodi—are defeated 7 to 0.
- 8—Assembly held as usual today. Michels attended. He usually doesn't.
- 13—Being Friday and unlucky, Home Econ. class hold party. No one sick?
- 14—Representatives attend Girls' League conference. Gain ideas.
- 14—Tom Crawford helps defeat old team mates at Sacramento, 26-14.
- 17—Rain—wet streets. Never fear! Spring is coming.
- 18—Reports. Imaginations overworked on way home.

- 19—Bob Fuller modestly leads a few yells.
- 21—George Moore arrives in good clothes. Girls are spellbound.
Hey, mister, excuse me! Wrong party?
- 23—Stock judging team goes to Chicago.
- 25—Rally held. Hole speaks. Michels flees.
- 28—Stockton 28, Lodi 23. A sad story, mates.
- 30—Bill Seimering to be captain next year's footballers.
Basket ball starts. New men out.

December

- 4—Elton Wallis elected basket ball captain.
- 8—Lodi cage squad wins game. Improvement shown.
- 11—Students tell about trips. Had wonderful time. "Come Out of Kitchen" presented. Clever, funny. Large crowd.
- 14—No school. Vacation for three weeks. Softly, sadly, slowly, the tears are drooping, dropping, dripping.



January



- 12—Lodi dedicates Woodland's new gym with win.
- 15—Leslie Stine tells State Board of Education about judging trips.
- 16—1926 football schedule made. Stockton at Lodi, Friday, Nov. 19. Rah! Rah! Rah!
- 19—Art Bennett comes to school with his hair parted in the darlingest manner.
- 20—Report cards out. Grief from many tongues.
- 21—Dr. Work talks on universal peace. Tells students of the horrors of war. Students all frightened.
- 23—Lodi second team defeats Elk Grove, 16-14 at Elk Grove. Vert falls in love with red haired girl yell leader of Elk Grove.
- 25—The class of 1930 arrives in the form of 48 freshmen. You looked like that at one time.
No more assemblies until operetta is over.
- 26—Operetta postponed. Edwin Tate has the mumps. He is eating lemons.



- 27—Bennett parts his hair once more. The girls all wild.
 28—Girls league meetig. Discuss uniform dress. Stripes considered.
 No casualties.
 29—Rally held in assembly. Football letters awarded. Conklin, Hole,
 Wallis talk.
 30—Flags at half mast. Stockton 39, Lodi 17. We mourn!

February



- 6—Lodi seconds defeat Courtland 25-14. Eddie Vert,
 handsome hero.
 10—15 minute assemblies resumed. Floyd Hatfield
 parts his hair on side. Shades of Art Bennett!
 11—Only four more months until school closes. No
 one weeping.
 12—Operetta given by music department. Huge suc-
 cess.
 13—We will soon be swimming. Donald Lasell decides
 to grow mustache.
 15—Mustache still growing, Lasell tells us. Invisible
 as yet.
 16—Several members advanced Spanish class con-
 template tour of Mexico. To visit Jack Paddle-
 ford and the Mexicans!
 20—Large sum contributed to Stanford by aspiring
 seniors. Eldred Lane becomes confused. Enters
 wrong room.
 21—Students in civic classes to enter state essay con-
 test.
 22—"This detention list is entirely too long. Let's have it cleared up
 today." Famous sayings by famous men.
 24—Viola Ulmer made no announcements in assembly.
 26—Lodi defeats Stockton in basket ball. First time in five years.



March

- 1—Try-outs for Shakespearean contest held. Elizabeth Thomas
 and Willard Stewart to represent school at Berkeley.
 4—Much new lawn planted around buildings.

- 5—Assembly enjoys band concert. Hopes for more.
- 6—Spring football progresses satisfactorily.
- 18—Snaps being taken for the annual. School cafe purchases new monogramed dishes.
- 20—Art Bennett and new sport model car take vacation today.
- 23—Ellenor Channel chewed gum in assembly.
- 26—School out. Spring vacation! Ray!
- 26—School out. Spring vacation, Ray!
- 27—Elizabeth Thomas and Willard Stewart place in Shakespearian contest at Berkeley.
Tennis team defeated by Pacific.

April

- 5—George Moore visits Stanford. Returns with college air and skinned nose.
- 8—Dixie Jubilee Quartet sings before school.
- 9—Miss Christensen returns to faculty.
- 15—Pictures taken for annual. Hugh Paddleford looked neat.
- 16—Debate on alien land law held in assembly. Pitto, Gannon, Gatzert winning team.
- 22—Faculty book club motors through blossoming country side.
- 23—Pictures taken from top of building for annual. Dizzy looking students below. Mr. Reese forgets third period class and eats.
- 27—Spring fever attacks Ruth Rinn.

May

- 9—Girls working hard on May Day program. Boys look awed.
- 14—May Day—Play day presented. Every one feels like spring.
Lazy.
- 20—So's your old track team. Ours working hard.
- 24—Ruth Rinn still has spring fever.

June

- 4—Class night. Hurrah! Annuals out. The girls in the Charming School behave well.
- 10—Commencement will be held—is held—was held, depending on when you read this.



The Sentinel



Hats off



Our actors



Happy days at school



What's it all about?



Spring fever



Tennis



The flowers that bloom —



The long and short.



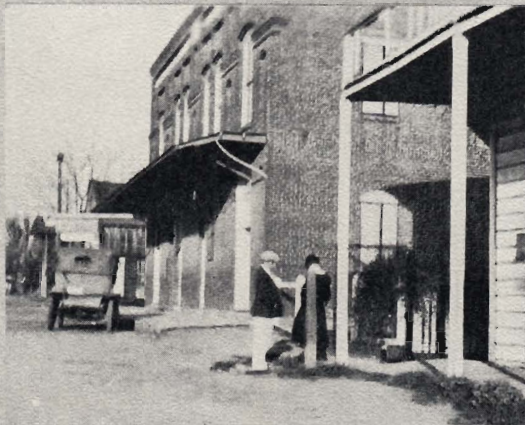
Handball.



Katherine.



Upside Down.



"In the spring a young man's fancy"



Eula.



"Ow I Say!"



Cooperation.



Spring flowers.



A chain is as strong as its weakest link.



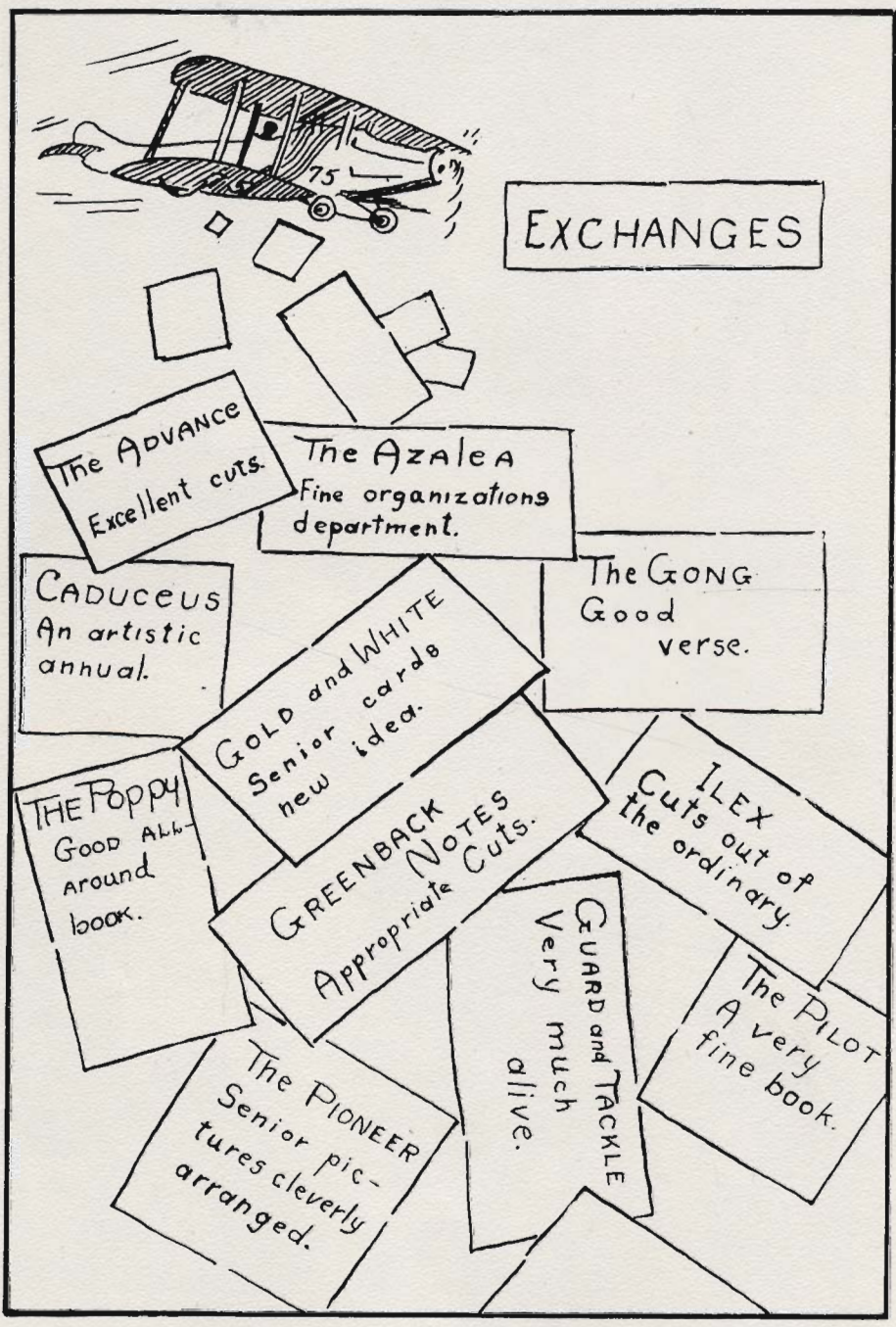
A stunner.



Drawing



Now, Evelyn!



EXCHANGES

The ADVANCE
Excellent cuts.

The AZALEA
Fine organizations
department.

CADUCEUS
An artistic
annual.

The GONG
Good
verse.

GOLD and WHITE
Senior cards
new idea.

THE POPPY
Good ALL-
around
book.

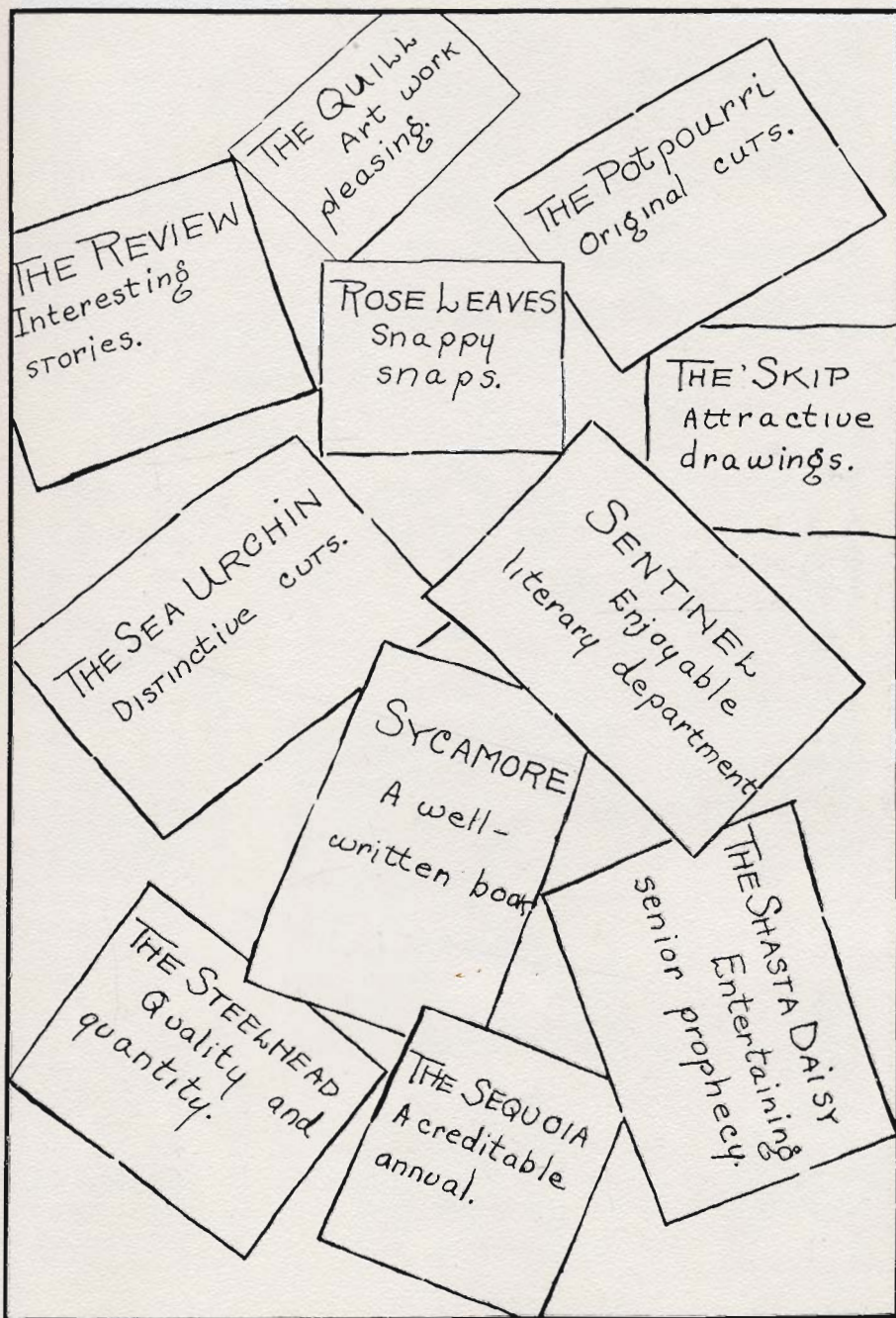
GREENBACK NOTES
Appropriate Cuts.

ILEX
Cuts out of
the ordinary.

GUARD and TACKLE
Very much
alive.

The PILOT
A very
fine book.

The PIONEER
Senior pic-
tures cleverly
arranged.



THE REVIEW
Interesting
stories.

THE QUILTS
Art work
pleasing.

THE POTPOURRI
Original cuts.

ROSE LEAVES
Snappy
snaps.

THE 'SKIP
Attractive
drawings.

THE SEA URCHIN
Distinctive cuts.

SENTINEL
Literary department
Enjoyable

SYCAMORE
A well-
written book

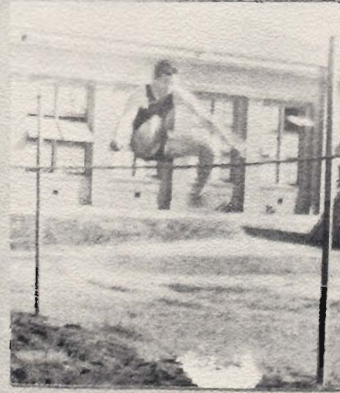
THE SHASTA DAISY
Entertaining
senior prophecy.

THE STEWHEAD
Quality and
quantity.

THE SEQUOIA
A creditable
annual.



On the fence



Up in the air.



Mrs. Murphy



Bashful



Ghost Story?



"Slicker"



Grinners



"Tommy"